

# The Beige Book

Matt Hill

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A philosophico-poetic prose poem

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*Apologies to the reader in assimilating the difficult contents of this book. I had no option not to write it; almost inexorably, it insisted upon its creation with a fierce impetus. This came with the realization that if I had ignored the summons to compose this text, the future would not have opened up the way it has.*

### **On the Beige Book:**

The Beige Book, a philosophico-poetic prose poem, is a continuous circular sentence, under the thrall of the Cantos and the Wake, turbocharged with street vernacular, straightup metaphor, and poetic allusion, and set down in a cadence of delayed immediacy ... It has philosophical insertions throughout a metaphorically laden text, indicating an examined life lived by the utmost.

*It seems a very plausible, musical and ecstatic way of bringing philosophical inquiry forward. We have been moving toward this for quite a while as philosophers turned to fiction, play writing etc. to make their ideas available. What this poetry does is to render philosophy free of the artifice of fiction. These words contain dedicated thought, but they remain raw. For that reason they activate the imagination. They open it rather than close it into a finite set of ideas. - Jake Berry*

# THE BEIGE BOOK

emphasizes the unknowns, the future always unscripted, the plight of commoners defies their URGENT DREAMS, defies their grim odds, in the assimilation of rainbows, while the bigger fights loom where and when the lights go cold, blessed freaks coast through the horizontal weeks, they float through the

Big Lulls, posing as/with Joe Public, awash as they are in robotic annoyance cycles and throwback performance levels, with a true love for the ridiculous, garnering social media workouts, “Is this not a generation lacking in necessary analog skills?”, by an insolent taking of austere bites from the karmic

cookies, they who remain absent, perhaps deliberately so, even with the possibility of getting lost, invisibly, while the civil rebukes can really hurt, say for instance in the limiting of dining events on the MUTABLE STREETS, or in a tightening of focus where unknown implications abound, as they take up

residence within their house of dreams, plunked down in some neighborhood of horrors, the rare episodes of happiness engulfed by a pervasive tertiary despair, “Ill economic winds make for some choppy waters”, hanging on is the only option, by rites of epic fail that plead for more new & improved

failure, and the cracks keep getting papered over down at UNCLE BOB'S  
TAMALE PARLOR, amid all the other madness as Eros sleeps on, with no use,  
really, for fretting over the contrived epistemological divides, or the too-common  
wisdoms crisply supplied by the fortune cookie sages,  
  
offering little pearls like "A calm fury is very uncommon", afterwards the convened  
papal horse traders maneuver upon fresh paths of treachery, over false floors, while  
their recipes for smoke signals lead to a daily pilgrimage towards lunch, maybe  
because the scholarly poor excel at so many endeavors far  
  
beyond supporting gross consumerism, and some of these auto-didacts also come up  
with vague backstories, which they often refer to as LIFEGROUNDS, with some  
who are able to supply guidance-by-decline and moral contagion through the fiats of  
entropy and no funds, aiding the difficulties  
  
and mostly shattered work habits, "Sometimes one has to re-wind oneself in order to  
completely heal", that is, in order to achieve one's own mess of autonomy, even by  
using twilight as an anesthetic, to power up some fevered hallucinations perhaps, and  
go for a real potlatch of imagery if you get the drift,

these little bits of humanity, found in sincerity and fire, spread out like road patina through the modern ruins, THE TOOLS OF TIME AND TOIL animate the private textures, like times when perseverance wins out over talent, when rebuking the past allows for a calibrated regrouping, since investing in

mortality sometimes just makes sense, with these preludes to uncanny life that might format fresh horizons, “When the imagined experience becomes superior to the real one”, with no apparent use for original clichés either, a modern day vertigo resulting from the clash of icons, that is, in a harvest of

depravity where there are produced plenty of immaculate lesions, or when the fields become fertile by plumbing the dark, or by falling into the inevitable present, then falling back into vague light, one finding oneself TRAPPED IN THE NOW of unprintable moments, and imbalance too might be a prelude to

something further, that is, if the gains are notched, volition claiming its own vectors, only so on gnomic grounds perhaps, as sometimes a plethora of conundrums result from overplaying the hands, but do the torments then remain optional?, “Especially when the fundamentals stop mattering”, as one tries to bank

the turns when there occurs too much self-inflicted crisis, the mind tending to wander when it gets stranded at the junction, and GETTING ON KILTER becomes front and center then, as the anxious fathers draw plenty of heat while they wait for Rover to learn how to howl, they proceed with way too

much low shine then, relying upon lyrical torments, cheap indignities, etc. to run the interference patterns, “Neurotically precise, albeit existentially sloppy”, the bruised winners become topped out with losses, by remaining either scared or else religious about dirt and other fundamentals, and on Friday nights, the

tenacious outwits can be heard whooping it up down at Henry’s Hi-Life, overdoing it on the TERMINAL FUN aspects of fatigued bourgeois life, classic hauteur instanced via a contagion of sufferings, momentums fully spewing to life, even decomposing into a fiery standoff occasionally, or else

left in tatters by swirling rumors, trying to look relevant yet structuredly apt, with ludicrously defiant body language, “Sure, we’re all struggling on the road to relevance”, with furtive attempts made at smiling through the minutes, amidst all this warm fuzzy pathos, and since we all live in the public cloud

now, with the consequences of being too human to compromise for some, this is how the sideshows can really start to hurt, that is, in this REIGN OF DRIFT, by stumbling through inevitable landscapes under freshly minted clouds, to outsource any previous agitation by eating necessary crow, if and when that

may be apropos, say when the manual cinemas melt with an intraday gleam, while zombie themes inhabit the ambiance of suckers, “Everyone just keep calm and proceed sideways”, even as the crayon-wielding bastards no longer burn with their self-indulgent brilliance, even if they do still receive

slight nods on the street, since they no longer flourish under the jagged lights of highly valued chiaroscuro landscapes, and can no longer be saved by even the flawed inertia of rockstar mornings, only because any ORIGINAL PARENTHESIS starkly shifts through former tainted versions of style, counterspun,

the ideas done less well, indicated with such fierce decay of habits that sponsor loose conduct, while the merits of drinking balance out the corrosive outcomes, even as some say “He had the spine, but not the backbone”, the people who do all this talking about cultural repair, like they really know what it means,

with the ideological drones trying to kill off the nine-headed heresies, way too much top register happening as one craves a simmering mystery in these moments, perhaps left standing out in the INCANDESCENT SHADOWS, below the mundane support levels, these remote seekings for the work unseen, while any option for deferred correctives germinate the future-imperilings whereby “Faulty motivations can lead to hasty decisions”, certainly then the posings can end badly too, in this quotidian epoch of The Profligates vs. The Austerians, evolution so full of such random crinkles, like when the empirical beauties keep us posted on their breakthrough status, at these times THE DELUSION OF NECESSITY transgresses our realism, our streets of jubilation, our blind chasms, where the deep pockets and short arms call the shots, or endless looped butt-dialings tend to provide any collateral for situational whatevers, and damn, it’s always such a struggle against disarray sometimes, and/or the busting open of cultural myths, the world of aesthetic perks and bragging right takeaways, “It all goes together like food and pictures”, the rubes of inertia keep changing the rules before leaving the stage,

that way all the thefts get done in the past tense, so the rest get to fight over the BOGUS LEFTOVERS, and are left awash with the crowded amateur hours, some even attempt to recover the orphans by killing off the gambits, by living the lie of cheap fashion, pimp-style, a life lived in a stew of colloquial relevance, blank motivations, and then dangerous pretexts, “Kind of like having sex in a canoe”, and although destiny is not a hard-wired process, as indicated by periodic feudings over personal misfortunes, or even unforeseen acts of scalped karma, by a possession of clean authenticity (does this also imply a deep integration?), one no longer needs to pull off freshly measured looks, or depend upon anxious elements for disclosing the undisclosed self, that is if one does not rely upon PERSUASIONS OF THE VERNACULAR to anoint the daylight, whereby mischief and dissension might occur only on a slow boil, since bulldozing the spectacular ruins should never be encouraged, plus any forgotten garden of bones should probably be left as it is, “This is some suitcase full of forensic surprise!”, O yes, some things may be just gone forever, like those lost acetates that inexplicably vanished from the vault,

or discarding that poison bottle of simple answers might muster some finer control, and perhaps by yielding towards the longer reaches this will provide a refreshed DNA OF PERCEPTION, whereby the unsung elements of disuse will help to embrace our coarseness, or even mitigate this meltdown epoch, unsupported by the ridiculously well scrubbed documents and orphan emails, like the “Fiats of Feral Fruits” nullifying themselves as truly dumb and unfertile acts of reproduced stupidity, because the primary watch-out-for is to avoid the glib reasoners and their analysis of the inert, in these times of Grand Dismantlings, when and where everyone seems to be departing on poor terms, the PICK-A-SCHEME ARTICLES OF BANALITY mostly fuel the trophy afflictions, and rogue elements with fresh invective also tend to wear the wrong heads, with their wayward offspring medicated to the max, reheating the hoopla in anticipation of more big downers, flaunting the bumps in their morning slumps, them who try to flash the cache with plastered-on confidential looks, looking for some guaranteed bounce-back, “Hey, I’m too busy being broke!”, because obviously, the back pocket plans

ain't happening either, as the mercurial insiders languish in their outlaw hours, possibly even having to fallback on roadkill for dinner, DREAMING A WINNER offers the introspective hopefules a safe exile in these unsure times, yet if one looks closely enough, there might be found emerald ice under rare sapphire skies, which could bolster these matters of life and death, at times shining like brand new, at other times full of sticky dilemmas, "Not because all who extrapolate are lost either", some left with the holdovers on the way to holding the leftovers, any free range huevos providing the dished details of morning intakes and evening outtakes, with accurate silences found under ammoniated daylight, where snippet views provide photo nuggets across the tangled woods, VENUES WITH CACHE advertise they are the best for any and all personal topology, allowing one to inexplicably understand chaos by being walloped into sedation, the undulating terrains covered with the limited imaginations of passionately cranky citizenry, at times vehemently so, this living upon the stress diet seeming to anchor ambient absurdity, like, "I was, like, Anxiety! It was, like, Horrible!", days rife with handmade suffering

and crappy getaways, any and all attempts to backstop the troubles on quixotic grounds tending toward the doomed, while mutant arrays resurrect the extinct via SEMINAL PLASMA, per diem therapy disciples walk the dark ridges towards an early mosaic light, their naughty ankles vowing painful justice,

while fresh wind events bear down with an intrepid signature, liquid as owl smoke, fated as rude riddles ripple across ancient waters, the evening's long shadows favor the summoning of rare words within a "Keeping of silences", merely by avoiding the unsolid ground of crass-cultured suburban ghettos which

litter the land, a vagabond mystery gets invited to wrap itself around those still terminally unsure, as blood texts become composed to schematize the night logic of tumbled oneirics, while strange undead stars traverse orbits throughout the SPACE OF THE ELEMENTAL UNDONE, where change

remains the only constant, and topological storms balance accidental artifacts, various monolithic one-eyed ladies worship casted platinum bulls, and the bristoline post-apocalyptic reading audiences donate their former sovereignty for a jug of gangster moonshine, insisting "It's what we've fallen heir to",

what with these long flarings a result of working too many futile exploits, where balmy twilights precede heliocentric nights saturated with the dreamings of Ahura Mazda, the stones of redemption ask only to be listened to, such as Lapis, the stone of the philosophers, which actually is THE STONE THAT IS

NOT A STONE, set before an incense burner of future visions, only because the flowered hands of morning caress the far terrains of our exile, the mystical effusions invoke the ancient ways, the essence of fresh horizons impregnate the future's spiral, in a siege of desire "that endows with a necessary

continuance", life being short and fragile as it is, with this trudging on through the wayward mists, with obedience served only to the law of inner direction, and the godlike strangers one encounters are not permitted to become errant deities, even when they insist upon using divine cosmetics, or invoking the

sneezes of Zeus, by pulling ill-fated cargos of empty glory (Dante), they who remain obscure to all justice upon the earth, or else are ASSAILED BY OMNISCIENCE, with all its splendorous anguish, heading for some oblivion smackdown royale, the layers of tough dark complexity jostling within the

confluence of events, where mundanity becomes a series of metaphors for infection, as digital overlays of the physical world tend to create all these modern serfs, “Yes, but it’s only a way to get to X”, these device prisoners continuously bewitched by theoretical settings and busty digitized divas, a daily passion

for the absurd is all that might now redeem us, poverty being our staged exile of homeland insecurity, as the days also require the use of LATE ANALOG HANDS to share in the mostly inane details, as against setting up residence in a place where the ancient dreams are dreamed before burl root fires,

where true love is composed within the flames of resonant friendship, or even through such frail events called disappointment, and any attached false memories with the chronic overthinkings, and the outbursts “How can you be so sensitive AND still be such a Jerk?”, keeping in mind too that sometimes

guilt is a function of fear, in the sense of neurosis also being used as a behavioral shield, like the hidden costs involved with the debased echoes of general imbecility, fraught with the many rude carnalities of “Love’s people”, these tart and intense acrid delicacies lying like landmines between pathos and humor,

the reckless young blades so disdainful of fate, living by their ALLEGORIES OF THE UNREAL, their licentious delights followed by a vocabulary of disgust, temporal values alone don't cut it either, when one assumes invincibility, "There's really no antidote for anatomy" when the fat's already in the fire, since morbid desires will cause moods of restlessness as one proceeds away from a center, in the way perhaps that a diagnosis can also be determined from facial expression and the appearance of the eyes, by the systole/diastole of change, like a hopeless gloom which precedes a golden haze, occurring in a place where orphan gods gather, in a place where WATER FLOWS OVER TIME, in a place where ancient seeds resprout in the garden of obscurity, where long comebacks track along the bias through green fields, through a life lived for the light even, each moment like a bead of lapis, strung along against the days, the instants forming the distances, one sailing for the far reaches along Infinity's Bulkhead, the elusive charm of twilight hours, which give the gift of "crepuscular pleasures", to semi-exiles involved in the arts of backscattering the *apriori*, desideratums earnestly sought through inharmonious harmony, the

petitions sent then for Duende's Angel, with all of her alchemical gestures, because SURVIVING THE GIFTS is the hardest thing sometimes, just as one must then ungather the possessions, with unexpected revelations prefaced by silence, a seeing with the hands is encouraged as sleep demagnetizes itself, the

trance-induced events occupy various trajectories since "All concepts turn towards paradox", the Stoic mind-fire of life (Ember: the fiery nature of the self-controlled individual as transmission of a collective flame) amidst fiery ordeals within the life-crucible, all further creative work burgeons against the false odors of time, against the orphaned terrains of thrown exile, because rewriting the self is the whole point, because when WORDS ARE THE HEROIN, the imagination, in the formation of symptomatic opacity, is allowed to pass through circumstances, through the fleeting scripts full of credible unrest,

"Only because we specialize in optimization", through unexpected renderings of grace and emptiness, pieces of day tending towards pieces of clay, while Ironic Transport delivers the night of its rhetorical drayage and dark schemas, valiant attempts to connect the unlivid life to an uneven fate, sailing through

shadows while listening to the afternoon rocks, the weather apropos for reading primitive texts, gravity continuing to rise amidst the RESTAURANT PHYSICS and quantum infighting, cold fusion orphans in need of atomic relief, the pathological bits of beauty, luscious as mango sorbet and passionately lip-synched, with personal actions on the severe side, that is, akin to elevated heroics through the winter chaos, “Would you take your thumb off the scale please”, hey now, this is/might be beyond bad, what with the grumpy locals who dwell in their drug-tainted ambiance, their smiles all doctored, and since what gets lost in the conversations is certainly not worth retrieving in these instances, No, not with all the blowbacks and fake apologies foisted thereon, talk about a non-working pattern repeated ad infinitum, when a slate of WESTERN HEADACHES prevails, this could be some real thorny relevance, or not, depends on what goes minor to major, like fresh scorn going viral, because it could be worse than ultraprocessed eating manifestos that applaud eating fresh by going stale, entrees tagged with “Rarely done to such cruel perfection”, attempts made to gather acclaim like radioactive sacrifice, where cultural

taboos come offered with a decaffeinated option, and drive-thru quests for lonely tacos remind one of that gripping hunger coming in from the range, off a long dusty trail drive, when THE ADVANTAGES OF SOAP make one desperate for freshly loaded blasphemy, while cringeworthy provocateurs

advance their psycho-chatterings and broad-brushed dissident festers, by continuing the unrest and public disrupts, “Really, it’s a perfect time for cultural *disrepair*”, as the media cynicism vainly foists anew tones of mutual indifference, with hints of schism, mortal shadows left behind by what is unsaid,

deeply unsettled odd voices brace themselves for defeat, mostly filled with an “infernal jargon” as the conversations get moved to the trash, doom-looped in the FIRST PERSON EXPERIENTIAL, while the voice of high clouds falls earthward in packages of credible rain, where daily epitaphs are created

for a stuck small world such as this, various attempts made at staying stoic by going zen, or vice versa, by not buying into the manufactured anxiety, as one tries to tighten things up, like packing down a pack of smokes, or the times when “Epistemology just doesn’t concern me”, because chronic empirical

sorcery offers to beguile with its delusionary pounces, at times more elusive than a night parrot, with events more dangerous than driving along yet not seeing the road ahead, but fully LOADED FOR THE DISTANCES, and the false bearings can be a real show stopper too, even with road enzymes and

mobile shrines bolstering the illusions, but then again, like putting lipstick on a pig, uncertainty will usually prevail, as indicated now by the unraveling of empires, in such a cryptic inglorious farce, staged with enemy actors and stunning ineptitudes, set down by indifferent stances of contradiction, “Like slow

bullets shot through a wall of Jello”, politics grounded in the fallacy of dispossess and/or surrender, and inevitably, because the insiders *always* go public, sometimes loaded with such controlled optimal ire, the days’ avuncular attempts to taper off the tumble during the pathetic aftermaths, SILENCE AND

OPTIMISM no longer abide during all this techno-tussling of the titans, although it might also be true that profane rebukes usually cohabit in their full-throated opinions, and problematic words drive the minion’s vivid dissensions, as odd alliances hoist many false flags, like “Hey, these continuity

people are tough little units!”, with a nod to their impressive ability to tamp down the uproars, or with their re-purposed and invigorated and scripted denials of secret high density data minings, or both and/or neither, or sometimes it just comes down to something stupid, like a riot over spilled punch, as

the clashings flare while promoting THE WORK OF INSTABILITY, the broken relevance machines unbind the informants, and entering the water temples no longer guarantees purification either, even if one partakes of a ritual bath and forgoes the posh options, perhaps finding that “poverty really *does*

change the brain”, with the battered belongings attached to our beings, which symbolize the dominant losses we acquire along the way, this by leaping through fires and the ruins of light, living through days either without irony, or else filled with a surplus of it, by laughing through the Low Life, or smirking

through the High Life, those times when CURSING IS NECESSARY, and the collecting of kudos is sheer folly, as we all achieve Limbo through our own daily evolution, amen, taking command of the shadows by natural causation, while the world must be purged by water periodically, the marriage of

opposites underlying the goal of balance, like fine weather found in places of exile, where ancient days are invoked, and solitude bleeds into far horizons, “This is when the calling may no longer matter”, in a looking for worlds beyond this world, just as some have said that avarice is the smoke that obscures

justice upon the earth, and that this world is a world of fools (Diogenes), where there exist GADGETS THAT DEFEAT THE MIGHTY, even as paradox provides its fulcrum-to-fathom promiscuous fragments that lie in wait upon irony’s brink, involving both necessity and mystery, through various

time cloaks and/or summons-to-love, since “We must *will* the courage to shift our destinies”, by angles of incidence and opacity, sometimes finding ourselves in a place where no one can save you but yourself, one’s deeds becoming one’s fate, as the distance of memory arises from its faded edges, but

also not forgetting that becoming is born from struggle, with the sojourns done at hidden crossroads as the dawn drops off its nocturnal freight, while the stars fade out like a burning fog as it lifts off an OBSIDIAN MIRROR, moving into the hidden dimensions, the sky gathering further fierce beauty while

opacity transluces into incident light, across a threshold of shadows through a complex of nothingness, and perhaps Augustine had it right with “*si fallor, sum*” (If I am deceived, then at least I must exist in order to be deceived), and if eternity is thought of as a duration without succession, then time is allowed to set up housekeeping for its expected residents Irony and Paradox, while the poets get invited to dwell in their fire of ekstasis, creating ever fresh images, some in elliptic associations, awakening a SYNTAX OF METAPHORS, some by geomantic resonance, some by dark talismans found in the shamanic mists, the poets play around with igneous vapor as their tongues flame away, their obscure sublimity crossing the abyss of allusions, their cadences of plighted words inevitable, the creative material piled up from God knows where, “I’m only here to chronicle the times” they insist, intoxicated, but then, betrayed by unfamiliar words, and tempted to ransack the past, they season the language with common invectives, a wing, a prayer, even some continuity thrown into the mix, along with some indicated SYMPTOMATICA used to open up the sentences, creation being the hardest thing to

achieve it seems, like dreaming the seeds of the world while wide awake, through the mental weight of life's burdens, these doings of poetry acting as a synthesizing force, composed by vague fragments and mineralized dreams, passing through hypnotic actions and the melancholy tonalities of late nocturnal

fires, since "Fire becomes the only solution", through a dreaming of ancient memories, revealing far terrains only vicariously traveled, since we arrive from strangeness as we depart for the unfamiliar, the volume of existential proximity sometimes having a real tight turning radius, with THE DAILY BLUR

fueled by advanced breakdowns, which are not necessarily transparent to opaque renderings, at times driven by these angst stokers cloaked in their hate shrouds, as they *execute* love with strife and repatriate their cash overseas, showing many afflictions of financial flesh with their dirty mistress

promotions, "Much to be said, most of it bad", their rounded bellies indicating the wide measures of their mobster mayhem, forward visions tending to be stuck in reverse, only adding to the missteps through egregious windows of error, through the workings of the damned, and yes, THE TOUGH

BROTHERS remain “actively disengaged”, still lobbing their character grenades through the walls of public seductions, blaming it on the government teat suckers now that the coffers are empty, oh boy, it isn’t hard to fake austerity when there’s nothing left to eat except wind pudding, or maybe some varmint tandoori if you get lucky, laughing past the everyday Low Life faces, “We’ve been so awfully preoccupied with this quotidian mess”, whereby death now occurs via aggressive sequesters and inherited shenanigans, as sacramental vagabonds do get-together cookouts with their transient adjuncts,

and from the street, where the views continue to be appalling, this is WHERE THE SILENCE GATHERS, where the true costs of defiant light mirror a second shot at the long-shot considerations, similar to what is now being called resurrection biology, “Hey, maybe we should throw Al a bone!”, as some strive for better profanity in order to realize some futile personal redemption, and the high octane street smarts willingly script the daily tunes, some sickly swaggering on through the fearless mud and high drear (of grey mornings), through the DARK RESONANCE OF IMMACULATE NULLITY,

with some individuals still flummoxed by odd visuals at times, the rank perfume of clashing events continues to trickle down from the sadistic elites, locked up in their tight fight panics in a doubling down on the daily disasters, they who slowly seed this global suicide, the political solutions “Equivalent to

troweling more plaster over the cracks”, by using various subterfuges to index the fears, to pace the deals, with way too much glorifying of the bad citizens who flaunt their styles of vice, and moral gravity, what the hell is that?, all this bunga bunga time after doing the gas mask tango with these HORRIFIC

CLOWNS, and you can forget about taming the scandals too, what with the media’s lavish devourings re: libido boosters, refried vanity, etc etc, characters posed in full disarray, rich with meanings quickly going irrelevant, like papal makeovers, worlds remade slathered with bogus messages, quick rebukes

that result from collateral snivelings, prompting irascible tomorrows, “Kind of like throwing glass bricks through a stone window”, although no charm breakthroughs looking likely today, or any other day, and although regrets may be transparent in future years, the terrain of haunted objects groans towards a

horizon of order-in-chaos, this mostly because PARADOX PROVIDES THE FULCRUM, a means through the *everydayness*, which comes from usage of original, and maybe dense metaphor (as a form of discursive imagery), which arise from an awareness of the invisible mortal layers that define our blunders, “Dude, it’s just the way things roll”, to various levels of attaining the impossible, where potential is a trajectory, and sunlight gives humans their stones of exile and destiny, never cooling, like BURIED FIRES, it is the *ignis transducer* that leads to mastery over the mundane, through communications with the sky, and one can collect diverse aspects of oneself, integrating them into a unified whole, if at times raging against oblivion, O that thief of visions, always lurking there in the infinite duration of the instant, even within hidden dimensions of metaphorical drunkenness, where desideratum may or may not be found, “Feed your head however you may”, patience and resilience allow for the adventure of a lifetime, as pain volunteers to further the process, even when there’s no forward ground, yet you still have the ADDRESS OF THE HERE to come home to, while you may also immerse

yourself in fresh dreaming waters, using liquid as a philosophical vinegar (the alchemists) to dissolve a debased existence, thus rendering transparent all opaque processes, in the inhabiting of many long solo hours, spent like staccato bird percussions juxtaposed throughout wilderness airs, these hours spent under scudding greyhound clouds, or feeling doomed by contradictions, “Destiny made off with my gifts”, which may or may not be a measure of any determined seeking, even across evenings full of “psychological ruins”, where melancholia feels like a cage, as one puzzles through the LOGISTICS OF

WAITING under a blanket of stars, perhaps by resurrecting further austerity, or doing robust foregathers, with attempts made at mining reality for its unreal nuggets, foraging the moments on random roads traversed through the western gates, crossing high bridges of fire while discoursing with the oblique flames, under fiery clouds that could splinter a cold November sky, “By gaining through adversity, one continues onward”, perhaps with grateful cursings richly laden with emotion, for example after a wrong directional walk-off, or a swinging of the random axe with HAFT MEASURES, looking

to the evening sky for some cryptic cloud curriculum, where mystery events demand further attention, and a coding of the fathoms still produce events that can do a number on us, scary and relentless as the days may be, so full of disarray, “Expect, but don’t overcome, the unexpected”, even when devoid of relief options, or stricken by a strong desire to fold the cards, or when strung out by the high weirdness of modern life, as one needs to keep struggling on, perhaps via some kind of empathic jihad, by pursuing the creative work while BUILDING THE ENVELOPE, with the possibility of exhausting the imagery always a real one, yet, reading the dawn sky does help with filling the wellsprings of the imagination, even analogous to dropping a feather into the Grand Canyon and waiting for the sound of eternity to occur, in spite of all the self-diminishing transitions, like saying “There was much unspokenness between us”, or “A miss is as good as a mile”, under the late afternoon’s cloud engine, where lost catalysts are sought but rarely found, and where even the austerity comes in stripped-down packages, where MEMORY REMAINS FOR SURVIVAL purposes, persisting through the nucleated

seasons, somewhat hinged by the unexpected radioactive courage of individuals, some empowered by ubiquitous distractions mandated by a freewheeling culture, others making offerings at the altars of abomination, attempts made at reprogramming the dirt, with overwrought imaginations trying to fix the collective spirit, “All commodity’s eventually turn to fetishism”, by futilely nudging the retro issues, the cheap goods, the untenable peace, the rhetorical shocks, the riots of sedated mothers, the accomplished hyperbole, the DIRE TAKEAWAYS, the muted touts, the occult tools, the exceptional keisters, the ripped up promises, the brutal compassions, the filthy eros people, the public wing-dings, the chingaderas galore, the high caliber foibles, the doctored evidence, the “necessary forgettings” by ultranervous individuals, while the fluvioterrestrial events slowly unfurl, like a fern frond, with depraved indifference boomeranging on all of us, fresh flash points heap up the pressure, and do we really care if all this technophobia is so *dudeworthy*? rethinkings now become mandatory, before we lose any and all relevant notions, as there can only be so many Hail Mary bailouts, because we now have too many

questions full of ANGST AND DISTRACTION, while the loopy gals burn through their desperate cash out there on the Breastern frontier, all trying to look haute by garnering eye tracks, sometimes indicated by “episodes of heinously bad fashion”, some outfitted with garments of air, looking like toxic mannequins on the beach, these kaleidoscope-eyed vixens with topless smiles, doing the all-night swims after ticklish introductions, oh just a little rush, kind of like VITALITY IN A CAN, with the coral clouds above full of igneous granules, and the evening air feeling like warm silk, as they keep strutting on, calmly naked, these smirky divas splashing on in the suburban ruins, all looking for that one in a million shot, “Just like walkin’ on starlight”, a real *force majeure* of booty moves prevailing, O the glamorous ilk, marketed for further ennui, with juicy hauteur eye candy for the creative voyeurs, the secrets no longer shared on the sidelines, however, since it seems way too much fashion and not enough function, with everyone so busy racing for the bottom, as some of us watch from afar as the epic fauxdom finally fails, as in STRIKE. LIGHT. RUN., hey, this might be some new gauge of ferality, showcasing these

grim sorts (with even grimmer backstories), a volley of fresh outbursts held incommunicado (to the detriment of the inbursts), these high status ones who self-invoice themselves, and it seems like it always ends up being worse than exploding microwave pastries for the rest of us too, “Didn’t this sterile destability used to be called chaos?”, just muddling through this dope epoch is turning into a real major downer, as the rough sleepers keep roughly sleeping, while the relics of war testify in a wake left behind of human roadkill, we who have been left with the GEL OF TRAUMA to rub onto our defiled skins,

and the beautiful people with their neurotic exploits take their belief systems to a new extreme, as this would be where we find the horrors of realism, here in the clinical absurdity of the quotidian, this would be like finding the road out from hell even, “finding our way back from death and exile”, through eyeball redemptions and the autopsy of loss, or stroking the insights rich with meaning, towards a constantly resurrected endurance perhaps, on a pilgrimage towards the light, through the mineral rains and ECCENTRIC IMPERFECTA, sidestepping all this opulent pathos, the obvious costs of lying to oneself

on hideous display throughout the land, the crash of heroic fates palpably found in the headlines, brief mortality hardly acknowledged when everything has to be tricked-out with fancy gee-gaws, the late night sessions a mix of arrogance and bottom feeder comedy, “I could have had her, but I was too busy

wrecking someone else’s life”, moving the suppressed intensities forward on many tangents, like flippant profundity and acute disdain, the bravados so shameless at times, the rejoinders slashing, MIXING UP THE PROFOUND WITH THE COLLOQUIAL, where some of us are impelled to speak in enigmatic fragments, having a necessary passion to do so, within the crucible we call Daily Life, that process of chaotic multiplicity, fueled by a diverse and discontinuous vital heat, “To suffer is to strive”, as one proceeds by energetic instincts in the critical moments, since the world is a pretty loose place, yet

sufficiently loose to keep the future open, to proceed forward that is, but sometimes one must also undo the future, even as A PAUSE IS NOT A STOP, even by moving across the residues of ancestral memory, through movements by “angle and incidence”, where significance is generated by themes that

recur in patterns, like “pieces of eternity”, as seeds of light will gestate a cosmic embryo in the fecund darkness, where the rites of the sun god Mithras were performed in the grotto of Zoroaster, located in some deep cavern, perhaps like the one in Plato’s allegory, that shadow theatre of illusions, with a

summons to develop an awareness of invisible treasures, or a fiat to respond to the ARCHETYPAL DEPOSITS, through a continuous process of synthesis, what then manifests becomes known through transmitted light, some of it yielding through a long gestation, through translations of exile, and all the

pathological absurdity we foist on this earth (and each other), “It all starts with the dirt”, so throwing out reality would be a real good place to start, given the impact of too much existential debris on all the lives, it comes down to straight up survival in these wayward times, but SYMBOLIC MOVES can also

be used to fuel the duende, yet attempts made to counter all this psuedo-externalia might also mean an inevitable departure on poor terms, as annoyance moves the adversity of sequesters, kind of like a *cordon elastique* (bungee cord), as these celebrity convicts do their rehab game, botox salad served up

to where the bathos collides with the pathos, since “She was born conflicted”, and chutzpah talk-ups aren’t going to help much either, as it seems some freedoms only come posthumously, with legacies being about the prior work done, and undone, via the big reveals but also in the hidden aspects, as final

forgiveness might happen retrospectively then, like in instances of MEMENTO

AMNESIA, or in a reformatted *deja vu* perhaps, where one experiences

*psychostasis* (the experiential weight of soul), exposing the futile quests done in mortal space, so full of unmerciful yearnings that burden tough exiles,

with some still suffering trial-by-tabloid, where the reverential gossips and bogus theatrics prevail, “She was an ambassador of naughty desire”, the severed penises made newsworthy, side by side with rude tributes and numbing leisure photos, these instances are the brutal reminders of our history of

capacity (and its concomitant lack), indicating that there will never be any

SATISFACTIONS OF FINAL IRONY, at least not @existence.being, where

staying put may be, or not, apropos for all possible stances of contradiction, as

alluded to in “Those who create only murder themselves in the

process”, that is, as atraumatically as possible, since it is better to suffer than to do evil (according to Socrates), all of us having to bust through the human muck of illusion, and the silt of sleeping memories, beyond the portals of oblivion that permit passage of grim destiny, with a cast of heroes FROM

BEOWULF TO BUBBA, whose fathers were often workers in wood, the carpenters and sculptors, masters of their material, generating significance through angle and incidence, by a furthering of the primitive-streaked culture technics, “Where the gods gather”, as the far horizons become eventual edges

of imagined skies, the hidden dimensions beyond the earth veil, the alchemy of changing lives, patterned in elliptic association, proceeding through ordeals of the labyrinth, any prayers seeking a trajectory of transmutation to counter TIME’S BETRAYALS, perhaps questing for the hermetic and obscure stance

while annihilating the distances, traversing the light of becoming with the palpable narrations scribed at times, usually filled with acerbic and intense allusions, broken images, twisted segments, jagged echoes, staccato juxtaposes, “from the ridiculous to the sublime” mystical cynicism, acrid disdain, vigorous

carnality, rough persiflage, all indicating a gutsy life in disparate activity streams, where NUANCES BECOME EDGES at the juncture of critical moments, or at the *whatever* level even, the seeking of the rare image like a heat-sensing viper, as the poet throws around some serious fire, at times found in a bottle, re-inhabiting the future through the dreams of furthest terrain and forgotten flames, through the synthesizing force of resonance, the poetic images seed the world with new language, some poems composed through a hybrid montage of fragments, with metaphors compressed, then ignited, the methods elliptical, then oscillating, some specializing in obscenity, or paraphrasing various echoes, GENERATING COVER THROUGH DREAM MECHANISMS, by using the method of scatter towards self integration, *in media res* with some snazzy *savoir-faire*, traversing the at times terrible unity of things, even in the midst of the daily carnage, at times tutored by the silences, but not grieving for what does *not* come, by looking for spiritual fulfillment perhaps, either with or w/o the cult implements, some might want to “Take back the night to feed the day”, by a sidestepping of window dressings and

fallacious appearances, to muster the strength and absorb any adversity, to break through such inherently sovereign nonsense, by holding to the painful ground at times, “HEY, WHAT’S THE BILL FOR THIS TRAINWRECK?”, where hauteur eyebrows plague the magazine covers, prima donnas slut it up before heading off to rehab, where there they can maybe get a degree in personal hair science, just as some have hinted “It’s what happens when scrappage exceeds purchases”, when these urban runabouts look around for some pick-up work via erratic nearly nude promo tours, where they make pre-orgasm noises on stage in contortedly contrived performance mode, the process seemingly unabashed, like picking up an inevitable disease while passing through some transient place, it then being that various DEGREES OF INDIVIDUAL INERTIA continue to punctuate the struggles, where tons of cathartic weeping taint the power lunch sessions, worse at times than drunks playing with fire on busted roads, or the high speed El Supremos trying to kill off the pages, “Better get a move on it Holmes”, the hired guns keep probing the privates (for dented dollars), and pivotal declines come

complete with embarrassment when, in rebuke, the stories tend to get neutered, indicating that they may be RIPE BUT NOT ROTTEN, like pearls of aberration full of bastard analogy, aimless dilution, corrupt attributes, pages of error, shrill rhetoric, high modifiers, naughty compositions, trendy dilletantisms, revisionist nonsense, urgency notes, all pretty much a cornucopia of squat, then there's the delivery issues aplenty, oh yeah boy howdy, "Tap my wires and I'll tell you what!", situations worse than burning Jello nailed to a tree, or times when the other party abruptly leaves the conversation, or trying to untangle vague manifestos fraught with weird lingo, with the FLING FLUNG FLANG of foisted foible, full of flagrantly fulgent fun, like hanging out with the rhinestone girls at atheist happy hours, where they spray more gasoline on the current controversies, the imbalanced personal equations tending towards odd unions, and since your happiness is now recorded on a distant server some where, and foraging for a living is now making a huge comeback, as the empty wallets await some fresh cache, "We're headed to where the road runs out, wanna come?", the day walking people adjust their loose equipment, and

some continue to TRAWL FOR RARE CONSENSUS while some get gored upon the horns of unexpected dilemmas, such as economic incarcerations sponsored by vile people who should be deleted from the gene pool, while some may ask what the blue book value on all this collective pain

might be, as “we seem to have missed the meaning of our adult income potential”, or something to that effect, like being ruled by some grim fate, each day awaiting the bread of morning to appear, oblivious to future remorse, dealing the dead cards back into the deck, where loss becomes another word for

irony, as the gods who take their vacations (only to plot more doom) PUSH THE CLOUDS along with wind chatter and air songs, towards a unknown home involving temporary exile, all the goodbyes are interim as long as earthlings remain galactic refugees, and mind-body translations may have nothing to

do with the former Singularity (now debunked), as indicated by expressions such as “Shouting is not true knowledge!”, although black holes may yet be found as portals to zones of broken relativity, most excellently found in the far flung terraqueous worlds, where Mystery synthesizes into further mystery,

determining the contours of lines and spirals, as the HAND OF ETERNITY IS  
EVERYWHERE, and the courts of enigma are always in session, where issues of  
time and space are adjudicated, omni-integral to the pressures of “caustic light” and  
the awareness of immediate domains, where

mystagogues wear incorruptible garments and invoke gnosis with their sacred fumes  
and flames of “burning transparency”, offering salve but never solution, to disciples  
who tend to leave on poor terms, taking the vital lies and general imbecility with  
them, the devotions having turned malignant, indicated by

urning the book and sending the ashes back to the former gooroo, who is sometimes  
rumored to have died in the act of prayer, the DUTIES OF INCENSE having long  
since retired as his carrier of purification, his foolish fire scattered upon the winds of  
illusion, not quite divisible by infinity, but pretty

close, throughout the pulpy matter of time and space, the voice of gods heard within  
terrestrial flames, fierce as unsatiated desire upon the seashores of mortality, through  
expressing the contents of being whereby imagination fuels the creative acts,  
“authenticity has its recipes”, while studying the shadows

becomes necessary during these times, sometimes done through the “decay of love”, since equations of love uphold any unholy matrimony by the marriage of complements, not opposites, even if interminable solitude results, awaiting there beside the differential echoes of love and suffering, GREATLY

UNWOUND IN THE BLUE HOURS, with several mostly composed texts left unfinished as one plumbs the dark in order to come forward into the light, “Welcome solitude, my mother, tell me my life again!”, existence tending to be full of haunted odors out on these intrapersonal frontiers, the willful

obscurity also an option then, if, as Pascal suggests, Man is an infinite nothing, having to listen to the strange sound of eternity coursing through the veil of nothingness, through the so called CLOTH OF DESTINY perhaps, or through the 99 names for God, or the many colors of grace, always on guard

against possible spiritual intoxication or tomfoolery, or argent robes of glory, or perverse incarnations during unblest days, or dogmatic nihilism and faux religion, as “sometimes there is only so much worthiness to be had”, when the ideological heirs exhibit a fallen defiance during these trying times,

attempting to recalibrate their herodom through an allegiance to indoor privilege, snob-free success can not be possible they insist, yet, “How do you think we got to be mobes anyway?”, since they too, were formerly in the ranks of the anointed, but now their days seem MARRED BY RUCKUS, with no cure

for the aftermath of public battles it seems, tactical lapses or not, the blue skies giving way to treachery, the pitch further sharpened by casting forth the outrage, yet another descent into acrimony devolves the circumstances, “However, isn’t ALL propaganda false?”, everything rife with Unnecessity, tipsy-topsy

ain’t the half of it either, like repurposing the mayhem etc, daily stuck in the Smiley Faced mire as the celebs decide that de-tweeting their status would be best for all concerned, just as some need further instructions on the drinking lessons, and the pointed talkings reflect the future syntax of meat, it’s absurd

really, since we all do live in BACTERIA CITY, and there’s no fixing that, speaking of bloody fate, and hell, it’s enough to make you feel like a big tub of gelatinous gunk some days, or in other words, the ick factor now rattles the comfort zones, while rational fallouts induce vital distortions, twisted perceptions

lead to pranks going bad, disdain forms along the edges of much indigenous prattle, “Such is the bathos of the popular spectacles”, these media freaks who tout themselves as nuanced thinkers, the grinders and growlers who now de-staff the neglected outposts, the atrocious clowns find themselves in culinary rehab, even by submitting to emotional surgery if need be, or therapeutically INTROVERTING FOR HEALTH by sidestepping the pointless ephemera, perhaps as quietly as ancestral footfalls through the forest snow, with the internal dragons put down for a long nap, allowing one to wander along on the shoddy margins of life, risking irrelevancy and such, with attempts to follow the marrow of inner direction, “Life is short, the Art is long, opportunity fleeting, experience precarious, judgment difficult”, as the dead elements transmute into live ones, with lustral water serving as the womb of primeval distillation, done through a strenuous hydrographic sojourn, by a longing for a unity of self found in various imaginary forces, or found by looking through SPONTANEOUS WINDOWS into hidden dimensions, finding jewels in the Unsayable perhaps, finding depth and volume in a labyrinth of echoes,

or on “outcroppings of the Marvelous”, glistening with twilight in the fertile evenings, or set down before “the great fire of perhaps and the beacon of possibility”, where the seeds of the world open to the Future, gestating in the mundane parameters and artifacts of space, the twitchings of mystery might even be God’s truce with eternity, with elusive hints of future epochs and epics, indicated by the TENOR AND VEHICLE of forays into levels of the miraculous, with high-octane gravitation amalgamating the synergy while anchoring the clouds, unscripted fire having the fiat to combust the wickedness in latent worlds shaken by seismic chaos and lethal hurricanes, as Change is the progressive copulation of fire and water, with these cosmologies of rough surface prevailing on, where cerulean moments occur under wavy skies, as Life becomes “an assumption requiring continuous revision” as it moves past the symbolic thresholds and over stones of destiny and exile, one seeks to proceed with oblique irony by living LIFE ON THE BIAS, rupturing the senses if necessary, radical intents used to promote authentic forays, and integrating the yelps might be helpful too in possible falling-apart moments of slumping

heroes, when they get cussed up, and slapped down, since the “thrill-to-risk ratios ain’t what they should be!”, when the sex-marred candidates offer their free penetrations qua favors, so why have we become this society of Idiot Hands you may ask, the delayed impacts of food fraud and drive-by downloading only tending to re-mystify the mundane mess, as some currently call for a life sentence to be handed down upon the Profane, and vice opponents call for THE TREACLE OF INACTION to be acknowledged, and the fashion outcasts keep muddling through, and the families in poverty lurch on, between the rich and reality, since daily survival is now an epidemic, and the catatonic leaders set the dial for more puppet amnesia, by their hard sellage to rallies full of no shows, with the epic issues just shrugged off, the lines of regime blurring the jihad theatres, and disarming the juggernaut, well, when the hell is *that* gonna happen?, “We’re sorry, and you’re welcome!”, and the yagger meisters leave the premises in an “omnishambles”, the go-now signals flashing furiously, with these fiends trailing a wake of gorgeous calamities and COLLATERAL UPROARS behind, shuffling off with their day bags and failing

flesh, further vexing the questions, and drinking down the beer-goggled events, the broken locals left reeling with brokenness, the occlusion of bitches left to push on into further faux regions, drawing the curtains on shame will probably *not* happen, certainly not when SEX AS ANODYNE is so prevalent, and certainly not when the immense looks of correct anatomy reflect such a narrow confidence, so that when you take away all this bustle, what have you got?, aside from the common freaks with their head butts and bloody noses, “They say eating too much BBQ promotes additional poverty”, walking the streets looking for offers slim to none, futile attempts made at resurrecting what has gone to ground, or hoping somehow for an immaculate inning, rare as that would be, while they wolf down the trash pancakes and salvaged waffles per availability, remaining mostly impaired by their own terminal uniqueness, carrying the HIGH COSTS OF FORGETFULNESS, even during the times when the crime might be down, but the arrests are up, and the personal hygiene is temporary and spotty at best, the gutter continuing to be an open container for corrupt saliva, “Take back the streets!”, the heated air

loaded with the gestures of beasts, these crude specters yelling fresh heresies across the daily carnage of their undulating existence, and it was some guy named Adler who said low self-esteem is the central problem of mental illness, and there certainly is plenty to corroborate that, in these stolen moments

INHABITED BY WIND AND HEAT, of the street beasts who profess to be immortal, albeit with badly assembled parodies of glam rockers and rustic merrymakers, just as they think they are, these town oddities who live via vague terrors for an imagined gutsy life, casting their rubbish about like mustard seeds upon the paved terrain, “Hey man, wayward apparel destroyed my life!”, as if mortal rags could be blame-worthy for the kidnapping of one’s dream, O such puny fleshlings we tend to be, while the persiflage produces more hot wind than an atomic blast, usually enough to disenthral even the most patient of listeners, and certainly not that these daily bench keepers would incorporate themselves as THE SONS OF INERTIA, or perhaps they might, even if they do tend to wear a fine patina of rough weather and male confusion, some might say *outré*, others might say bubble-babble, such be the

ills that this flesh is heir to, apparently, as this tincture of fools feeds the buzz, but “Here the struggle is not so much … and we’re lucky”, and the drinking seems to be compulsory around here, as every one awaits their individual harbinger of death, and the collective delusions keep calling the shots, like the

lesions which disfigure the psyche, these woe-be-goners who shake their bottles at the sky, under a strange nimbic haze, these sorts who are STUNNED BY CLEAR-EYED CONCEPTS, also them who are routinely egregious, burning up the talk in a recoil of oversharing and brain funk, boner-fide

candidates ready to matriculate from Folly U, “Looks like the times have caught up with us, eh?”, since all they got is what’s riding on the pure essence of their bullshit, and that flow of mouth ain’t so good after all that beer, no sir, trawling through the inevitable emptiness of hot afternoons, way below the eye

of God in this pulped existence, where maybe green is still the color of grace, even through the mortal fallouts and VISUAL CACAPHONIES, one trying hard to transcend the profane by amalgamating the various fragments of experience, in any sustaining hours, by advancing in steps, syncopated with

tympanic resonance, focused upon thresholds that may be riddled with dilemmas, divagating through a *labyrinthos* by moving from place to place, through time “fulgent with haunted moments”, possibly involving wild delirium, hallucinations, and terrifying muscle spasms, all of which are not conducive to a good night’s sleep, in the sense of increasing a sense of detachment from one’s surroundings, and one gets taken aback by the VISCERAL SURPRISE of so much residual dead space, somber and hilariously unfunny, the intentional scapes of architectonic bathos filling the fields of formerly fertile emptiness, these ugly forms altered by, and surrendered to, the prevailing force of gusting winds, these underreckonings of man in full technicolor, with all this futile effort run to waste, “This could never happen outside of Photoshop … Could it?”, as the banished and wretched roam the roadsides, duller than ditch water, these phantoms passing through adverse circumstances, passing the warden of the gates, passing all who are dead to this profane world, where some days pass like minutes, wrapped up in MONSTROUS NOTHINGNESS, any clueless discussion of “cultural repair” now is just flat-out

stupid, considering how broken it all is, about as absurd as decorating the dead with medals, or trying to account for the strange vectors of feminine wiles, or saying that something has been breached, but not affected, “Listen, I’m not here to waste my ridicule”, or making hints that there might be life after doing

the laundry, or that one might have sucker’s luck in composing an epic run-on sentence such as this one, that is, in the sense that politics is all hot rumble and cold deceit, not a mandate to keep the GYPSY FLOW going, by any means, or by no means, and revealing the guts is never a pretty thing, albeit it may

be necessary, for instance when, say, two guys are sitting on a Liar’s Bench, foisting the hyperbole of intrepid stories and such, maybe resorting to drugs of last resort, or imbibing rainbows while falling back upon the torque of inertia, “Well, I used to be sensitive, but that was before my money chakra got

blocked”, they who look at the world with eyes that suffer yet another season of discontent, like GONE DADDIES in a cobalt blue exile, making gnostic air gestures against the convenient geography that would be their milieu, clearness not really unfolding, or dysfunctions being useful, always too tired to

enunciate as the conversation lapses and flags, “But freeloaders are essential to the slack terrain”, especially on the days when clouds are rough shrouds riding the tailwinds of illusion (through the murk of days), these sitters who give to many the gift of the finger, as the ancient Greek saying “All men have the illusion of knowing” would be apropos, like with assumptions that don’t fit the action, or the subliminal impact of cartoons, crafted by plenty of FINELY CALIBRATED UNCERTAINTY, played in the key of proximate, since one never knows what might be found in a box of dry clouds, or by revisiting retired horizons through the writing process, as one may learn the literary value of rejection, that is, the life without the theory, by avoiding any slag of dead rhetorics, “The world can assassinate you, so beware”, by creating *through* synthetic experience, and this should include zeal and blunder, as one has to challenge life, so that an authentic stance never becomes an issue, not even when bushwacking through the *tau* of tangled thoughts, with a proceeding by WAIT AND DIMINISH NOT, as moral edifices may crash and burn, patterns of misconduct subject to odd scrutiny become viral shocks, seeing with

deaf eyes could also be required here, say in a theater of subliminal gestures where it becomes necessary to break down the process, to override the traffic of hypocrisy and bigotry that is, with a teardown treatment on the dithering debacles, “Situations smashed into multiple pieces”, the fatigue

factor of public battles tending to be high, what with tight outcomes and deeply lost impacts, as some head off on their sex jihads, or emotional extortions, or NEON MALFUNCTIONS, or uttermost matters saturated with crucified light, through fluid cores of challenged life, the street lingo algorithms

tending to go caput, revealing flaws in the failing talk conduits, well, maybe it's the apps that are running amok, or maybe there's just too much slippery complexity, “Well, your ratios are all wrong”, so it might be just as well to thin out the inactive components, the latent flaws and savage defeats, the death gaffes

and leaky images, the dangerous relevance, the serious clamor of high stakes bluffs, all of which creates the crazy gleams broadcasted from some measly billionaire, who is such a total STANDOUT PLASTIQUE in this suddenly impoverished Sputum Republic, where anyone with a brain gets easily

depressed now with “culture”, so saturated as it is with junkie art and definite whatnots, this age of Ephemeral Modalities, where the schizogenesis is like some epochal substratum, or a “matrix of pain”, where the symbolism of institutional collapse is a faint echo of Pan’s death, similar to being held between the jaws of some hideous monster, as humanity is plagued with periodic eruptions of vicious animality, this pulling of the PRIMITIVE BEAST TRIGGER, which stands for the demonic and mortal dangers of this world, even though darkness is the place for germination (Jung), and mythologic projections, where the Devil is the synthesis of all those powers leading to the disintegration of the personality (Faust), “They were complicit in mutual demise”, and although gold may be a weapon of light, it is also a symbol of perversion and the exaltation of unclean desire, speaking of the Devil, and of pravity, and then depravity, of rapacity and malefaction as retarding forces, these situations where A BITUMINOUS STENCH pervades, not that there would be any atonements going on in the Temple of Abomination, or in the dens of *intiquity* with Moloch presiding, but then again, the Ice Maidens might arrive, holding

their glinting blades against the throats of evil, against the underbelly of the Rigid Designator, where regression and stagnation in all that is inferior and discontinuous becomes the aim of the debased, with their acrid dialogues against imagined specters, “tranquilizing themselves with the trivial”, falling into an abyss of incoherence and fully inflated anxiety, the not-so-abbreviated narcissisms, the autonomous frauds deserving of strong rebuffs, then in reaction are attempts made to COURT FATE BY NARROWING THE IMBALANCE, attempts made to eliminate errors in the testimony by opening up the cooked books, even if the thefts were all done in the past tense, as “One must fall in order to reach the heights” (Cioran), this also may apply to the avarice of popes, which has been the smoke obscuring justice upon the earth, with their organized piracy also organizing their doom, as if their impending ruin was inevitable, like a slow drowning in their own fallen light, their corrupted robes unraveling in the tattered twilights, the rivers of oblivion flooding the terrains of their dogmatic mists, culminating in a final ORTHODOX APOCALYPSE, their troves of precious artifacts covered by the rising and unruly

waters, perhaps forever, with the fullness of time and space proceeding, through both necessity and mystery, through the symbolic mutations via the Great Work, a moving of matter into spirit, THE VIRTUES OF FIRE underwriting the whole enchilada, through the glints and gleams, through the

remixed wonders of potentiality, because anywhere can be everywhere, this only if zero can also be a symbol of potential, since life and death coexist within every being, at all levels of existence, the fundamental TERTIUM QUID of all experience, and if potential is conceived as elevation, then it might

also be depicted as a rising curve (Bachelard) moving toward actuality, fully indicated by the notion “that what can be done with fewer (things, assumptions, etc) is done in vain with more” (Occam), this being possible so that the horizon of the future can be kept open, that is, if one wants that option, in

which to overcome the cadence of despair, to compress any cumulative tension, or calibrate a seeking of THE ROOTS OF UNITY, using the hypnotic quality of natural objects as a portal, or finding poetic images as seeds with which to open that future to fresh language, found only by dreaming through it, as if

it were some kind of “literary opium”, the dreamer of words composing indigenous narratives, the dreams themselves mineralizing like bone becoming agate, a synthesis of the resonances found in the psychic weight of the burdens and demands of life, images found in tones of fire and primitive immensity,

by dreaming before the root fires of oldest memory, talismanic properties emerging through the hallucinatory blaze, while obscure gods fall from the belly of ancient days, in images of motionless eternity, INVOKING ORPHEUS upon the path of self-discovery, by a hermeneutics of mystery and its

unraveling, since the ultimate journey is the one an individual takes within themselves, “In my mind, it can be done”, seizing the particulars to find the universal, as whatever occurs is through transformation by fire (Heraclitus), and placelessness becomes the ground of our exile, as we become reconciled to

misfortune and the patina of tomorrow, any mortal blessings get synthesized from the promiscuous fragments of one’s life, with praises sung to the mountain skies if so compelled, and destiny weaves its own *a priori* textiles, from cause to effect, by movement through the nothingness, if the provisions of

enough emerge, while RENDERING THE BRINK invites emergence of the unsayable content of inner life, though labyrinths of inscrutability, or by approaching tasks obliquely, through an aloneness of enduring a smashed world, “punctuated with calamities” through a rousing of the hours, motivations

atrophied at times, maybe a blankness will result from intolerable sub-durations, especially when the heathen come bearing NO gifts, and taking a breather from “progress” becomes increasingly necessary in these times so devoid of EVOLUTIONARY WINDOWS, farragos of fatuity and debased relevance

cloud the perspectives, although veracity is usually closer than one would think, sometimes it being only a matter of fixing the platform with a refreshed set of tools, or having to sleep rough while being helped along by various summer technologies, “And when you’re done with this, you can go out and rake the

yard”, the windy tapestry of autumn offering a 10% return just for living LIFE!, and sure enough, it also comes with Free Disclosure!, enough to slice through all the spin, since Truth usually wins out over The Stupid, and the smile bombs that come with it, and truly, you can look it all up in the BOOK OF

FINAL IRONY if you want, which chronicles things like attributed miracles and any ensuing hillarity that goes with it, all loaded with sly winks covering for the moral voids and overall mess, and certainly, all this yelping is hardly a remedy, “There will be no immunity for cultural amnesia”, under the rain of

morons, this murky bizness of profane fights offering refuge for the hot mic squabblers, with their cause to disrupt and the smoldering aftermaths of the damned, speeches about decline only indicating more austere failure, these abdicators so sick with fear and greed, hell, they might even qualify as the

SPAWN OF DEMONS, going to siege against the walls of worry, waiting for the other side to blink while levels of melee ensue, these who plot doom and scrape the bucket of decency for rinds of salvage, as the future bleeds into chaos, “Confusion is today’s meat and potatoes, folks”, by any foisting

of final episodes that never happen, no time for collective learning curves, with an incineration of all-purpose icons done by these political thugs, so fully delusional with righteousness, and roiling with self-created mayhem, their ill-timed banality segues to smarmy backwash, like the unreal experience of

attending a BIPOLAR SOIREE, in these times when all trust goes to dust, ground under the heels of media-savvy supermorons exclusively talking shit, this a true manifestation of mental illness (verbomania), as a grey zone of values becomes more like a deletion syndrome, “This just might be a sufficient reason to break things”, the house tantrums indicate some big troubles looming, and throwing shoes *qua* protest always remains an option, but isn’t it a good idea to live life such that it becomes *not* a burden, in the sense that if one’s deeds become their destiny, one can create in an imaginative way, by furthering any horizon of possibility, to DROP THE PARADOX AND REAP THE IRONY, kind of like playing a dangerous wild card, since the world works through opposition, and just as romantic love is a double projection which occurs between those afflicted by it, love based on physical beauty alone is not real love either, although the question still remains as to what kind of images love produces, and this would be the part where the poets come in, as “the poem is the realization of love” (Char), poetry creating resonant images, sometimes beginning as fragments in a mess of strange

language, or unalloyed intuitions, metaphor being used as a discursive tool of synthesis and *poeisis*, processed in instances of THINGS LOOKING FOR WORDS, where metaphors act like differential screws in the elevation of language, providing rare refreshment for the inner life, besieged as it is with all this modern prattle-prattle and fighting with shadows, “Basically delivering more heat than light”, this because poetry juxtaposes words to generate significance, in dissimilar ways and through oblique angles, and by derealizing the familiar through ellipsis and compression, or through a magneto of vatic incantations, or by using ascensional symbolism in apt communication with the sky, or TOUCHING THE NIGHT WITH CROSS-FERTILITY, which may even provide enough horsepower for the turbine of poem creation, or maybe just for the sake of working your ass off, or even from keeping the sieve of memory from filtering out essential mind particles, as this would be critical towards a gathering of any fresh medley of poetical extracts, willy-nilly, by numerous pen strokes and other means of recording fragmented reality, “Writers, prepare to grind”, through the bottled afternoons and unsettled

litigation weather, the goal to synthesize experience into a constellating unity, gleaning those fragments by VENERATING THE GRIT, under the fabled stars, which are our measure of time, hoping the scribbled work will burgeon, or perhaps not, while monotones veil the monotony, the daily Real reeling

and drunk with tattered space and depraved twilights, maybe deluded with the cinnabar blood of corrupted prayers, where the rough hewn winds put gravity down to bed, “Change has its own anatomy”, immersed in baths of fiery water, and obliged to find, throughout time’s labyrinth, what is best

for each seeker of nectar, even if the gross facts tend to impede at times, raw introspection volunteering to be the antidote for all this, what with sailing through emotionally rough seas per unforeseen circumstances, through EVENTS LOADED WITH DURING, one might have to sift through solutions

that are macro to the problems, by chewing through rivers of data, through touch-based tomorrows, maybe by scrounging up some details while screaming for specifics, because a shutdown/reject/regroup process may be needed to further any stuck momentum, while fatigue from the Idiot Screen indicates a

necessary hiatus, “Don’t feed what you don’t need”, from the public shamings and close-to-zero events when the dorks unwittingly get caught on a hot mic, and then get flayed for breaking dramatic protocol, O the MINDBENDING MUSH and foolish fire of kooks, and the sensitive filth vigilantes team up with the hard working deniers, promoting their smackdown reforms, the well-oiled spoilers with the slow motion knees, their messaging done with subtle head movements, “His pomosity is truly stupifying, isn’t it!?", plausible integrity at a historic low as these razzle-dazzle tactics only augment further collective pain, the brute force of bad chemistry fails to block the obstructionists, quotidian society becomes fraught with too much temptation of moments, a montage of ragged scraps, zombie soundtracks, and garbage al fresco grossly becalm the modular nights, LIVE AT YOUR OWN RISK, as the functional insanity remains apparently so, oddly perfect towns keep being built for strangers, where chance has lost its chance, and the headwinds come through, curiously established, mostly in order to torment the ugly infrastructure, “Continuous mistakes have been made in a big way”, these are the times when the

critics flail away unmercifully, when stampedes routinely happen at the temples, and everyday there seems to be some disaster recipe *du jour*, with ominous portents in Hi-Def as it were, the roads always clogged with autonomous vehicles, fraught with frivolous freight, heading off for the FOOD

HOLIDAYS, so rigid with tradition, the toll of parties becoming evident upon the waistlines, it might be Every Mother's Lament in other words, dumb and edgy Americans keep doing rube moves, some frosted with prettified lattes and flawed cultural takeaways while they sit and chat under abandoned

clouds, "I'm tempted to go on holiday with no phone", maybe slurp their way towards a paradise blended with the faux walls of reality, on a search for the most killer taco, or a sandwich with the most fidelity, or ludicrous pursuits of zero-glitch love, or the next trend in wacky T-shirt ideas, these days

when one can experience MELANCHOLIA WITH FULL ORCHESTRATION, where one can fly places and sit next to world-renouncing poets, jet-setter monks, and maybe a rock-star rodeo clown, all traveling with a mutual itch to rocket off to somewhere else, doesn't really matter where, "Just ink me

in please”, and be sure to get in a time-lapsed promo shot for the folks back home too, since you can always colorize the black and white shots later, but the main thing is to locate some high-caliber *duende*, playing the hot gaps in the coolness, kind of like how philosophy can be erotic, and not just epistemic, in the sense that thoughts are fitted together with the rivets of love (Empedocles), an ANCESTRAL VITALITY forged in the stoic fire of life, and then there is the hermetic notion that man is the small cosmos, holding the golden tablets of memory from generation to generation, or through the epochs, the corrupted stones used in the rites of ruin, where the only way to stop the mania is when Zeus throws down his lightning bolts (Odysseus), the heroes left with nothing but the “empty glory” of a dead and profane world, but the primal will of universal light in the end prevails, with the work of a myriad suns decreed by the Fiat Lux of Helios, pyrotechnic borrowings from thermonuclear cores according to THE LAW OF BURNING, raining eternity with photons in a talismanic storm, the semen of the gods in a continuous relaunch of necessary flux, night eternally moving across the universal sky, (why humans

have the experience of reverential dread?), with the subconscious image of the universe as vast darkness encircled by a rope of light (Plato), all creation emerging “upon the edge of being”, all thrown together by a Grand Amalgamator, and maybe his name *is* Murphy, chewing away on some quantum jerky

somewhere, or maybe not, as the jury on the evidence apparently is still out, trying to decide if we’ve all been SOLD A TRAINWRECK, some even postulating that the Deity is extremely conflicted, with a bad case of “charitable malice”, with hands that model by “a blue devotion”, perhaps with echoes of

anguish, or by chance, destiny and providence even, in continuous transmutation, from fire to salvation, and sure, there may be autoerotic tendencies in the unsingular Singularity, but how would we know?, even creatures of the lower depths must somehow participate in this ubiquitous panopoly, ejaculations

of the prime mover broadcast in granular wind-emissions, creating universal STORIES OF FATE AND FIRE by the Everyman, exiled throughout the far flung galactic vastness on these little blue orbs, anchored out in a former nothingness called space, lonely struggles with strange existence and all that

comes with it, yet the ignorant bipeds squander evolution's biomolecular leverage "when the brains are broken", the resident species DNA should be considered more precious than potash, but the evidence speaks otherwise, life subject to irrevocable extinction under the infrastructure of hybrid ignorance, with

too much and too many trying to SURVIVE ON THE FLORA AND FAUNA, because the oceans and terra firma refuse to be salvaged, the vanishing ice *is* a shrinking footprint, reformatting the horizons with azure meltwaters, the earth experiencing geospatial dissent, "That which is pre-done should not be re-done", every cloud now carries the controversy, "ecopathic" blowback indicating an abundance of brokenness, the worries mostly self-generating, the damage grossly self-inflicted, the treaties rattled, blocked by controversial defaults, the legislators exuding an infectious morbid discharge, snake-oiling

via the Media Inc., furthering the detached awareness, collectively we all seem to be RUNNING FROM THE BULLS, hodge podge coalitions clamor for formidable influence, barely skirting the sinkholes of incoherence, twittered indulgence, organized disorder, immortal places, demonic hypocrisy,

disposable saliva, rabid gadgets, adorable science, “It’s not a candy, it’s a Lifestyle!”, unacceptable vocabularies, freaky amalgams, chaste iotas, truncated favors, thwarted apostasy, lessons unlearned, disastrous rollouts, botched launches, agnostic voices, even the raw defeats that kill new products, along with any collateral victims and their impulse buying ways, their OUTRAGEOUS FEET getting no traction, maybe it has something to do with the zombie implants after all, one should always have a plethora of goodies for fueling the bragging rights?, like those post-baby flaunts and matters of celebrity income, “Holler for the dollar Baby!”, everything green now going gold!, Hell, maybe you can even make some dinero on that bad posture there Bubba, and for sure, it’s all running risky in this wacky modern gadget bizness, but ya’ll gots to go for the gusto, capieche?, and maybe there is something to that old feint and swoop, like always take on the competition when they’re looking the other way, and if you’re going to build something, build it right dammit , and build it tough, so tough that IT CAN THWART RIOTS, like a street full of college revelers hurling projectiles, facing down a phalanx of

uniformed cretins, as they rain down a deluge of somewhat lethal beer containers, this probably being as stupid as heckling Godzilla, or “as ugly as a fat redneck pressed up against rusty hogwire”, modern rational dereliction fueling the banner consternations, in the sense that overreaching splits the pot unfairly, with fresh brands of disaster indicated by surfacing disarray, and huge appetites for spending, and further anxiety about DEATH NEEDS A SOLUTION, since it keeps knocking on the strategic doors of neurosis, and the golden dreams of holy men are no respecters of public and/or private privacy, and contrast ratios used to weigh the picks may be just data clamoring for more data, as in “There is some seriously hot untested evidence here”, maybe as contagious as a stale yawn, stolen codes easily cracked tending to promote large-scale squabbles, leading to philosophical questions about the data self vs. the future self, and good sense suggests that WAVING SHOULD BE A SENSIBLE GESTURE, especially when nailing the sentiment against the dollared sense, the legal menaces and drop-dead dates be damned, since healing the divisions should be the main thing, but delaying the diseases certainly

promotes strategic headaches too, “He seems to be suffering from too much ideology”, when the premier confusions expose the arcane ways, the secret laws, the lurking weltanshaungs, the douched heresies, the missions of flail without fail, the grave breaches, the daft and dangerous hyper-myths, the black budgets that foster regional jitters, the ENDLESS STEW made from high-end scraps, the modern eating spectacles that seem another form of grim entertainment from event artisans, (see the meaningless pizza taken down to a whole new level!), even past the level of refried leftovers, of paleo recipes and bugs in the lunch, with secret sauce renditions for those who have a high-fidelity career in poverty, “Not going to pull down the worry menu either”, and some have asked if the Church will ever have a feast day for a patron saint of anxiety attacks, one who apparently is still unnamed yet may be mighty shamed, but then too, canonization does take awhile, requiring LONG VISTAS ON A STRONG AXIS, to achieve an apt dogmatic ferment that is, making sure even the dirty skeletons of candidates have been thoroughly cleaned for ecclesiastical inspection, akin to a precision outreach to the faithful, in

order to mask the sanctity of pimping, which is what this really is, so let us not be deluded by some charade foisted by the crimson robes, “And yes, we certainly are running out of odd fellows”, or by the undue influence of banished saints, who are able to rig the rules for those less devout prospects, the

ones PLUCKED FROM OBSCURITY and who should be clear of controversy, notwithstanding any attached relics, or spirals of doubt, where tears remain cloistered, and the primitive logic of the devotional blues exults the exhaltation, in some opaque light, where one vague devotee states “She just

has this fetish thing for the Virgin Mary”, exuding the “odor of sanctity” upon the highway of saintly fortitude, and symbolized as the virgin soil of the Black Madonnas, covered with a soft blanket of mountain sky and a longing for the mystical, the secret unity of all things and the forces that mould any

destiny, that CARRY THE FIRE through vital dreamscapes beyond the darkness, through private rambles along plausible rivers, as the worn boots of wayfarers breach crumbling stone walls and hidden portals, composing hybrid narratives in graveyard shelters to forgotten minimalist gods and various rock

vandals, “Grab as much language as you can”, written in inklings of blue grace against indented memories, or archived in silken silence, certain poems gone missing in undetermined locations, those in which the twilight may have been captured, or visits by translunary beings that appear in cold mountain nights, broken images with jagged segments displayed in an indigenous labyrinth, just as the alchemists approached their tasks obliquely, the metaphor is used to ANNIHILATE THE DISTANCES as a function of awakening, the poetic insights attached to archetypal deposits that are transferred by a carrying beyond the profane, as *poeisis* is about synthesizing experience into compelling unity, and this notion by itself completely negates Plato’s claim that poetry is an unhealthy emotional stimulant, since “words … develop echoes”, and metaphor is the fulcrum used to leverage PSYCHIC DEPTH, and cliche becomes word paralysis through usage dilution, like debased currency qua the phony coin of the realm, and the imagination becomes unveiled in promiscuous fragments at critical times, as one has to write only what is *not known* in order to further the process, and uncovering oblique irony is probably

the best way to manifest paradox, as in “My wallet is empty of dollars, and yet full of possibility”, this the *perhaps* of possibility too, since it has been said that it is only the impossible that really happens, like wearing sea foam on a wind blown roaring afternoon, or one making a pyrotechnic comeback after a

long obscurity, ALONE YET UNDAUNTED, breathing new life into the moribund, the latent values tending to emerge in blended light, no real need for any heavy approval, since the memoirs have gone missing, with whatever it was that was grown in the soil of love and strife, the exiled kisses that fused the

shimmering lips, that tapered the talk into apt silence, and afterwards she said “Press close to my deepest edge”, echoing like a gossamer murmur, things revealed in the winter’s frozen light, in the pulse of the fiery bones, like orphans of desire with sun-kissed faces, drunk with fine weather and righteous

wind, since the sky never needs an advertisement, while below, miracles continue to happen on crumbling roads, the illusion of safety speaking loudly through times of broken silence, with that which EXPLAINS THE UNSEEN, in the sense that the azure atmosphere may determine the texture of our

thoughts, one being allowed to recover much through ekstatic penumbra, the images borne thereby bearing witness to the poetic process, “Rouse yourself”, used to uncrucify the deceitful life, and reverse the acrid formulas to find the edge of delight, as that which may be tart and intense also dissolves

debased existence, like the philosophical vinegar which transmutes the profane into the symbolic through alchemical gestures, SOLVE ET COAGULA, since the cosmos works through opposition and synthesis, in the theatres of fire and water, and on the path of gods in the fullness of space and time,

solar fiats invoked by the Ancient of Days, creations replete with hermetic substance, as the dark matter resists the will of light, latent with muted mutation, “We come from strangeness, we go to the unfamiliar”, with certain concessions having to be made to the mundane realms, so freakishly accurate in the ways of

manufacturing *the strange*, with its core alienations lurking across the surface of sub-reality, in the sense that REALITY IS A GIFT, NOT A PRESENT, with the many special edition people heading for rehab, challenged by modernity and its epically dumb rules, and the supposed immunizations against

poverty continue to fail, since they actually are designed to do so, “We are far from okay”, the blunder-by-design with *all* glitches being technical, the fallings all staged in various failures to deploy, in this continuous siege-by-live-debacle, with outside hopes that some fearless women will stand up and announce a hiatus, as the Big Divide keeps nearing levels of concern, THE PATINA OF HYPERBOLE irreversibly damaged by hype-fatigue, shadow phobias, procedural trick whack-jobs, prompted outcries, bacon n’ eggs tactics, dumb grammer, lies by drone eyes, bullshit twerking, rockstar pimpings, filthy rogues, mandatory groppage, bogus liberties, “There are no shortcuts to privacy”, client illusions, demographic vanity, algorithmic hash, vertigo vocabulary, all this while riding some high-turbidity monster through preemptive blasts and sour turns, with weak wobbles amidst latent strength, things never quite getting up to speed with the gear-downs either, and yet, thrift can still promote longevity, even in these modern times when art is used as a weapon, and going for any symbolic cover may only be 63% relevant, but hell, it still counts, even if it does resemble a bowl of

ANXIOUS NOODLES as one proceeds onward with inadequate tools and heavy tears somedays, looking for the tenacious metaphors by which to live intrepidly, even as the world is shouting at you “Counteract that positivity!”, with all the tragic white noise streaming in the background, and the

mitigating workshopers who claim to reduce the public worry levels, the fraud bubbles, and the general gross dissatisfaction for *your* optimized future, even if the comfort stations in the wilderness, supplied by the Dept. of Public Works, may be temporarily down for maintenance, especially in these times when

the SERIOUS BUCKS GO FOR THE SIGNIFICANT DIRT, when so many mea culpas are error-ridden, the ridiculous standards promoted by the glam nomads suggesting that they have a Full Contact Life, but then the other shoe drops, what with “The dramas of a wasted life” center stage,

somewhat like oblivion going live in some Nietzschean paradox, or the deceptions of love ending in sexual nausea, role-modeled by “a libidinous, amoral, unprincipled guy named Lord Byron”, who claimed he had over 200 mistresses, the blood of Dionysius running through him, possessed by his unconscious

(that is, whims, manias and obsessions) such that he became torn up into a chaotic multiplicity (Jung), but maybe he lived by a HOMEOPATHY OF ANGUISH too, and maybe he did not possess the sword with which to conquer his darkness, relying mostly on the compass-logic of his imagination for

the inner lights to navigate by, a self-luminous individual some might infer, perhaps suggesting something outrageous like “He was a category unto himself”, this one who was drunk with self-love and the fetish effusions of long dead heroes, and like Odysseus, he saw himself as an exiled adventurer, yielding to no

one in his daring or courage, and some of course wonder why now, many decades later, he didn’t title one of his works ME AND PEGASUS, but no matter, he was mostly a rogue, and certainly promoted that to a high degree, his haughty words relying upon the metaphorical Big Guns, while he went off to

fight some low-level pirates, damaging the curriculum of twilights throughout his adventure process, his life floating on a surface of grandiose style, “Spewing chaos in his inebriated wake”, and eventually dying by fever in some self-imposed exile, thereby released from his shell of created suffering, (he wasn’t

embalmed in honey either), his woven texts live on, a difficult reputation the price paid for his originality, his shadow illusions, and his indolent tantrums, and maybe his epitaph should have read POETRY'S BRINK WAS VERY ACTIVE, while the critics continue to flay away on his glittering gusto and exalted unreality, as it appeared his need to seduce was epic as he passed through circumstances, but "He had a presence that transcended the evening", and the delusional grail he quested for never offset his private dooms, since he was often brash and rarely right, an INCANTORY MAGNETO that had lost its charge, trailing along broken pieces of leisure on the rebel road, the flotsam of pleasure left high upon the shore by a receding tide, left with a literature born from exile, "Some men are born posthumously" (Nietzsche), poetic imagery impregnated with talismanic properties, fostering some ancient legacy of cloud fire, oblique context and redemption found only in a dropping of shadows, making a pact with the unexpected, metaphorical drunkenness in the voice of flames, light gleaned upon shores of knowing, saved only by what becomes seen, mystery resides in the synthetic nectar of gnosis, as the Absolute